

TALES OF FANTASY AND SUSPENSE

10c

No. 6

# ERIE



**MONSTER  
of the SEA!  
The STRANGE  
INDIAN CURSE!  
The FLOWER  
of DEATH!  
The DEVIL  
KEEPS a DATE!**





WEB COMIC  
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"NO MAN CAN LIVE WITH GUILT! ... A TRANSGRESSOR IS NEVER FREE. HE IS HOUNDED DAY AND NIGHT BY THE PICTURE OF HIS BLOODY DEED, BUT SCOTT CALDWELL THOUGHT HE WOULD ESCAPE THE CURSE-- THE TERRIBLE CURSE OF....

# The FLOWER of DEATH!



NO! NO!  
STAY AWAY!  
STAY AWAY!  
I DON'T WANT  
TO DIE!

ON THE HUGE LAKE OF THE CALDWELL ESTATE, PARALYTIC MILLIONAIRE PAUL CALDWELL CASTS HIS LINE. HIS SON SCOTT ROWS SULLENLY...

AH! WHAT A DAY!  
IT MAKES ME FEEL  
YOUNG AND WELL  
AGAIN!

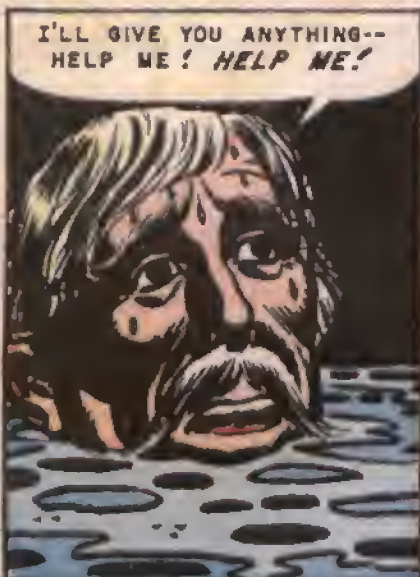
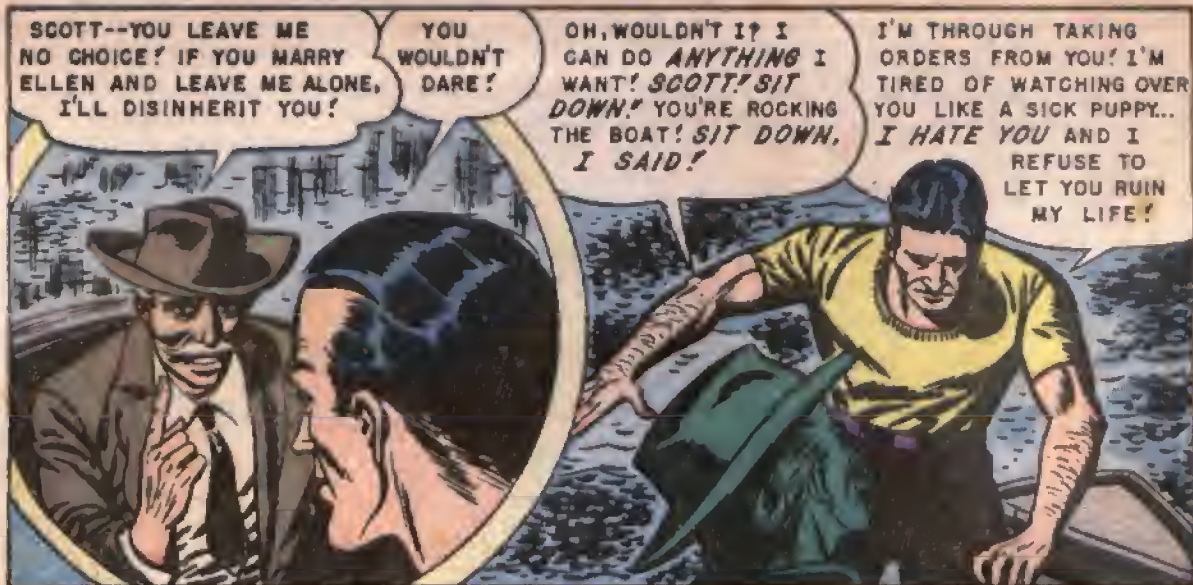
YES, FATHER!  
IT IS A FINE DAY!

OH, ER, SCOTT... ABOUT  
ELLEN... YOU DON'T INTEND  
TO GO THROUGH WITH THAT  
MARRIAGE, DO YOU?

YES,  
FATHER! I  
INTEND TO  
MARRY ELLEN!  
THE SOONER  
THE BETTER!









MINUTES LATER SCOTT DRAGS HIS DEAD FATHER ASHORE...

I'VE GOT TO MAKE THIS LOOK ACCIDENTAL...

HELP!  
HELP!



AT THE INQUEST PAUL CALDWELL'S DEATH IS RULED ACCIDENTAL. THEN, AS MOURNERS ARRIVE...

THE LEAST WE COULD DO FOR HIM WAS TO FULFILL HIS LAST WISHES... TO BE BURIED IN HIS FULL DRESS SUIT WITH A WHITE CARNATION!

EASY, SCOTT! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD! YOUR FATHER SUFFERED! MAYBE THIS WAS FOR THE BEST!



DON'T TAKE HIM FROM ME! DAD! DAD!

I HATE YOU!



SOME WEEKS LATER...

DAD WANTED

SCOTT, DARLING, ISN'T IT TOO SOON AFTER YOUR FATHER'S DEATH? WE CAN WAIT TO BE MARRIED!

IT THIS WAY, DEAREST! HE PASSED AWAY IN MY ARMS SAYING-- "SCOTT, MARRY ELLEN-- SHE'S A GOOD GIRL. DON'T DELAY!"



A MONTH LATER, A DAY BEFORE THE BIG EVENT, SCOTT'S TAILORS ARRIVE...

AH, MR. CALDWELL! HERE'S YOUR SUIT-- AND RIGHT ON TIME!

FINE!  
FINE!



WONDERFUL FIT, MR. CALDWELL! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

IT'S GORGEOUS... GORGEOUS!



IT FITS VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN, VERY--- NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!



THE WHITE CARNATION! NO! NO!

WHAT'S WRONG, MR. CALDWELL?





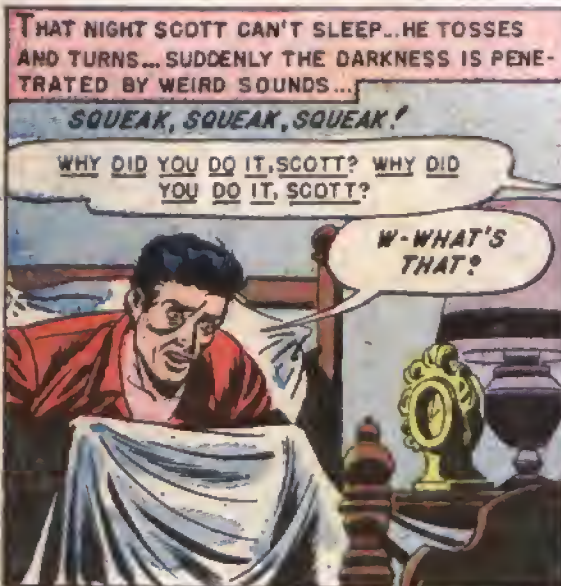


WHY DID YOU PUT A CARNATION IN THE LAPEL? WHY? TELL ME! TELL ME!

I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND, MR. CALDWELL! THERE'S NO CARNATION ON THAT COAT!



GET OUT!  
GET OUT!



THAT NIGHT SCOTT CAN'T SLEEP...HE TOSSES AND TURNS...SUDDENLY THE DARKNESS IS PENETRATED BY WEIRD SOUNDS...

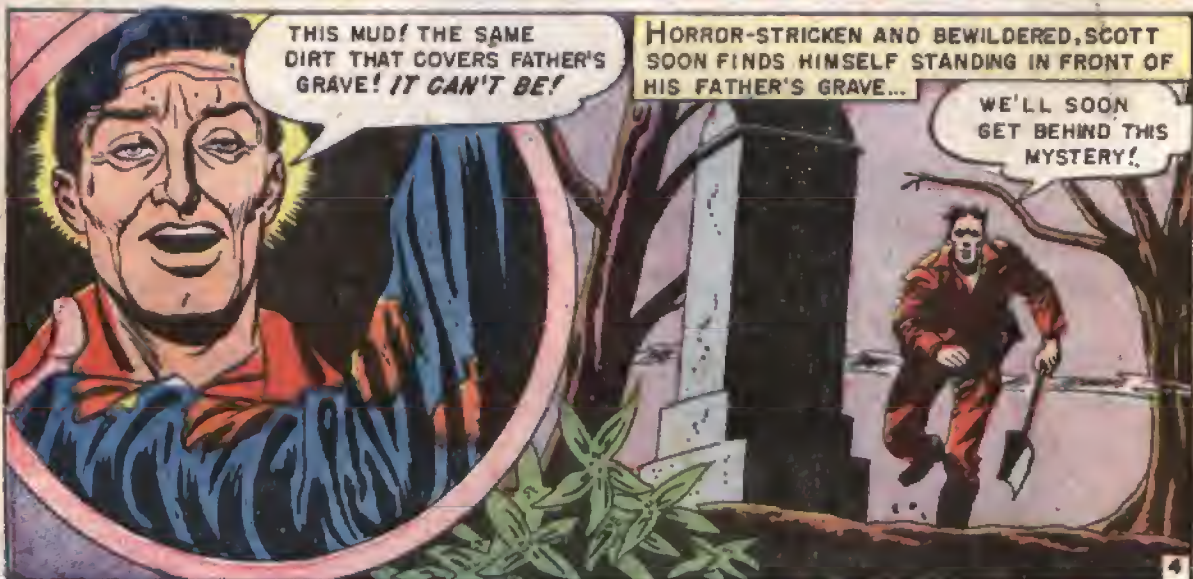
*SQUEAK, SQUEAK, SQUEAK!*

WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT? WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?

W-WHAT'S THAT?



T-THE SOUND CAME FROM THE CLOSET...



THIS MUD! THE SAME DIRT THAT COVERS FATHER'S GRAVE! IT CAN'T BE!

HORROR-STRICKEN AND BEWILDERED, SCOTT SOON FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS FATHER'S GRAVE...

WE'LL SOON GET BEHIND THIS MYSTERY!



LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, SCOTT DIGS FURIOUSLY!



A... LITTLE MORE...  
(UGH)... A LITTLE...  
MORE...

FINALLY, SCOTT REACHES THE CASKET, AND  
OPENING IT, DISCOVERS...



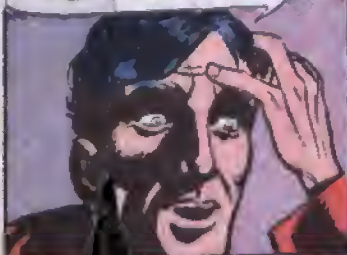
THE CARNATION  
STILL LIVES! NO,  
IT CAN'T BE!

SCOTT GRABS THE SHOVEL  
AND BEGINS TO COVER THE  
GRAVE! THEN HE HEARS IT  
ONCE AGAIN...

SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?  
WHY DID YOU DO IT, SCOTT?

HIS WHEEL CHAIR! HIS  
VOICE! IT'S DRIVING  
ME CRAZY!



HIS WHEEL CHAIR HAS  
BEEN HERE... BUT THAT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE! HE'S DEAD!



HELP ME! HELP ME! THIS  
ISN'T REAL...



REACHING THE SAFETY OF HIS ROOM,  
SCOTT SLUMPS INTO AN EASY CHAIR...



THE NEXT MORNING, SCOTT'S BUTLER  
ENTERS THE ROOM...

NO! NO! DON'T... I...  
ER... OH, IT-IT'S  
YOU, JAMES?

SIR, THE GUESTS ARE  
ARRIVING! IT'S TIME  
YOU DRESSED FOR  
YOUR WEDDING!









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**MASTER**  
not the slave!  
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YOU CAN'T DO BUSINESS WITH SATAN! FICTION AND LEGEND TELL US THAT MANY MEN HAVE TRIED, BUT THEY HAVE ALL ENDED UP IN THE SAME PLACE! AND WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HOMER CARMICHAEL UNSUSPECTINGLY STRIKES UP A BARGAIN WITH THE MAN IN THE RED SUIT?

## the DEVIL KEEPS a DATE!



HOMER CARMICHAEL, A WEAK LITTLE MAN, HAS ONLY ONE ENJOYMENT OUT OF LIFE...HIS PUNCTUALITY. IN ALL HIS YEARS AT HASKIN'S HARDWARE, INC., HE HAS NEVER BEEN LATE OR ABSENT. NOW, AT BREAKFAST...

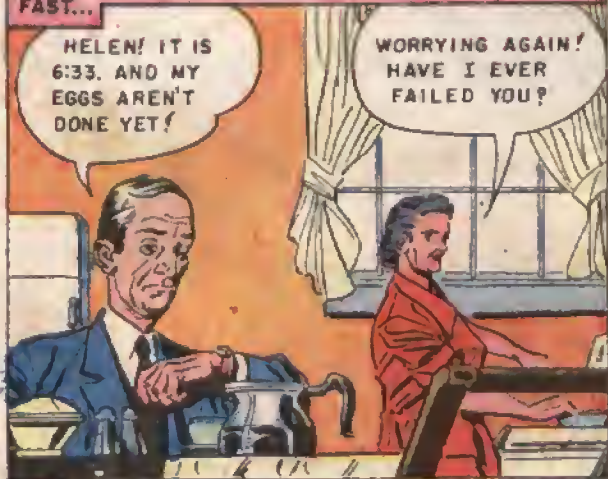
HELEN! IT IS 6:33. AND MY EGGS AREN'T DONE YET!

WORRYING AGAIN! HAVE I EVER FAILED YOU?

BREAKFAST IS FINISHED, AND AT PRECISELY 8:01 HOMER IS AT THE DOOR, READY TO LEAVE...

GOOD-BYE, DEAR! I'LL BE HOME THE USUAL TIME...5:46!

TAKE CARE, HOMER!





LATER, AS HOMER ENTERS THE ELEVATOR...

MORNING, MR. CAR-MICHAEL! RIGHT ON TIME AGAIN, EH?

I'M ALWAYS ON TIME, JACK!



THAT AFTERNOON AT LUNCH...

HOMER, HOW CAN YOU STAND SUCH A RIGID SCHEDULE?

SOME MEN LIKE TO DRINK, OTHERS TO GAMBLE! IT EXCITES THEM! WELL, THIS EXCITES ME JUST AS MUCH! IT'S A CHALLENGE AND IT'S GONE ON FOR SO LONG, IT WOULD KILL ME TO BREAK IT! OH, OH! TIME WE STARTED BACK!



THE TIME IS 4:55, AND EVERY DAY AT THIS TIME HOMER STARTS CLEANING UP, READY TO GO HOME...

MY, HOW TIME FLIES!



OH, HOMER, WILL YOU STEP INTO MY OFFICE FOR A MOMENT?

BUT, MR. HASKINS, IT'S ALREADY...YES, SIR, IF IT'S ONLY FOR A MOMENT...



DON'T WORRY, HOMER! THIS WON'T TAKE LONG!

*SURPRISE!*



HOMER, YOU'VE BEEN A LOYAL EMPLOYEE FOR 22 YEARS, NEVER OUT A SINGLE DAY, OR LATE! THIS PARTY IS IN YOUR HONOR!

T-THANK YOU, MR. HASKINS.

NOW I'LL NEVER GET HOME ON TIME! HELEN WILL WORRY...MY RECORD IS SHATTERED...WHY DID HE EVER MAKE THIS PARTY FOR ME?









I SURE APPRECIATE THIS! MNAME'S BARNEY BEE! ANY TIME I CAN HELP YA, DONT HESITATE!

MY NAME'S HOMER CARMICHAEL, AND I DOUBT WHETHER ANYONE CAN HELP ME!

THERE AIN'T A THING IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN'T BE DONE! WHAT'S TROUBLIN' YA?

WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S LIKE THIS...

HOMER TELLS HIS NEW-FOUND FRIEND HIS TRAGIC TALE...

CAN YOU IMAGINE? AFTER ALL THOSE YEARS, ONE LITTLE SURPRISE PARTY...

LOOK, HOMER! I CAN HELP YOU! JUST GO HOME...AND WHEN YOU WAKE UP TOMORROW MORNING, IT'LL BE **TODAY!** YOUR RECORD WILL BE INTACT!

ONE BEER IS ENOUGH TO MAKE HOMER CARMICHAEL DROWSY, AND SOON HE IS IN FRONT OF HIS HOUSE...

H'MMM! WHO'S HE TRYING TO KID? WAKE UP TOMORROW AND IT WILL BE **TODAY!** POPPYCOCK! WELL, MIGHT AS WELL GO IN!

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT? I'VE BEEN GONE ALL EVENING AND HELEN DOESN'T EVEN NOTICE IT! SHE HAS THE GALL TO THROW A **PARTY!** I'LL SPEAK TO HER IN THE MORNING!

THROUGH FORCE OF HABIT, HOMER RISES AT THE USUAL TIME...

OH, HELEN, ABOUT LAST NIGHT...

WE HAD FUN, DIDN'T WE, HOMER? THE ANDERSONS ARE SUCH FINE PEOPLE!



ANDERSONS? PARTY? OF COURSE! THAT ALL HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE LAST! THEN BARNEY WAS RIGHT! TODAY IS YESTERDAY! MY RECORD IS INTACT!

HOMER, EAT YOUR BREAKFAST...YOU'LL BE LATE!



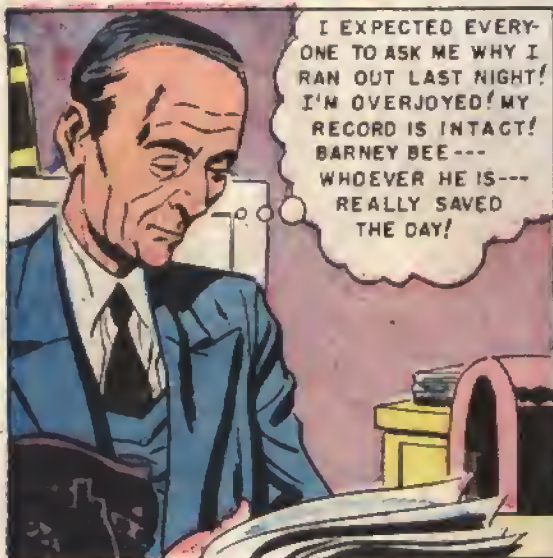
LATER, AS HOMER REACHES HIS OFFICE BUILDING..

MORNING, MR. CARMICHAEL!

I'M POSITIVE NOW THAT BARNEY WAS RIGHT! JACK IS USUALLY OFF ON THURSDAYS! TODAY SHOULD BE THURSDAY, BUT IT'S YESTERDAY!



I EXPECTED EVERYONE TO ASK ME WHY I RAN OUT LAST NIGHT! I'M OVERJOYED! MY RECORD IS INTACT! BARNEY BEE--- WHOEVER HE IS--- REALLY SAVED THE DAY!



4:55, AND HOMER PREPARES TO LEAVE...

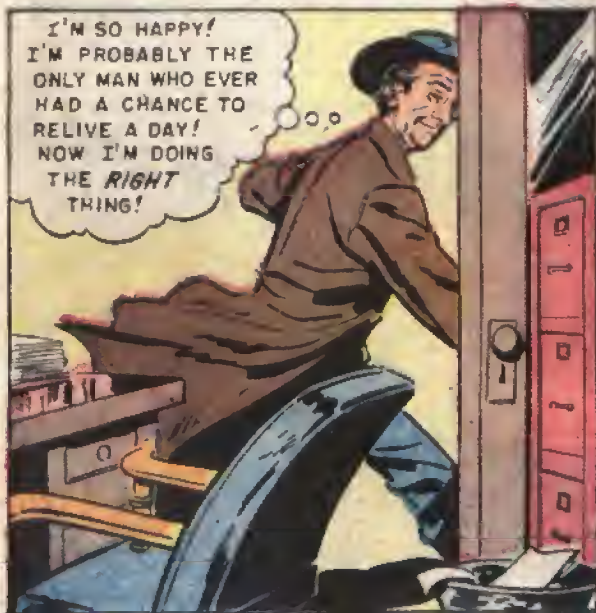
HOMER, WILL YOU STEP INTO MY OFFICE FOR A MOMENT?

YES, SIR!

AHA! THIS IS IT! THIS TIME I KNOW WHAT'S IN STORE FOR ME! HA-HA, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO THE PARTY!



I'M SO HAPPY! I'M PROBABLY THE ONLY MAN WHO EVER HAD A CHANCE TO RELIVE A DAY! NOW I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING!



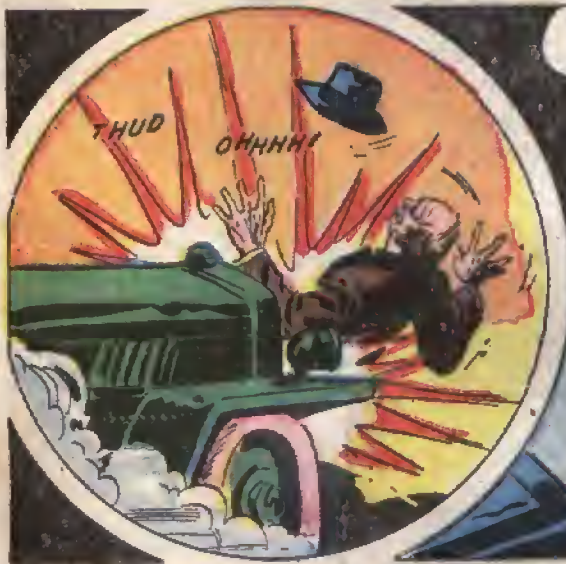
GOOD NIGHT, MR. CARMICHAEL! WON'T SEE YOU TOMORROW... MY DAY OFF, YOU KNOW! ^

GOOD NIGHT, JACK!

YES! I KNOW!









# An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT



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and  
FEEL YOUNGER**



**POSTURE BAD?  
Got a 'Bay Window'?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN  
who can  
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**

**and then he got a  
'CHEVALIER'...**



**YOU NEED A  
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**DOES** a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

## The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR  
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Why go on day after day with an "old-men's" mid-section bulge... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

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ADJUSTMENT**  
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



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WONDER CLOTH**

Firmly holds in your flabby abdomen yet it s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.

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**Rear View  
FITS SNUG AT  
SMALL OF BACK**  
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!



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**FREE TRIAL OFFER**

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give name and address, also wait measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



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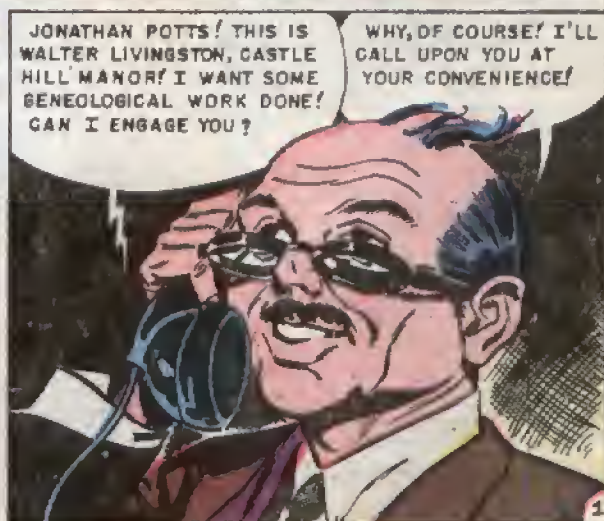
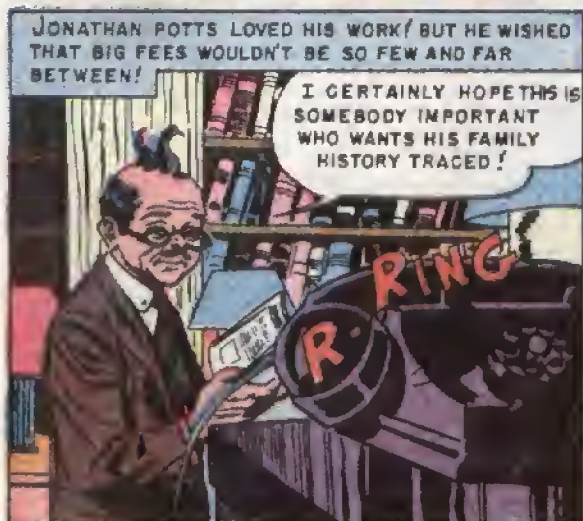
Gentlemen: Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_ RFD or Zone \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_



JONATHAN POTTS WAS A GENEALOGIST! WHEN HE WAS COMMISSIONED TO LOOK UP THE FORTESCU FAMILY TREE, HE WAS PLEASED AT THE FAT FEE IT WOULD BRING! HE COULD NOT KNOW WHAT GRISLY TERROR WAS COMING AS HE UNEARTHED THE GRUESOME...

# MONSTER of the SEA!





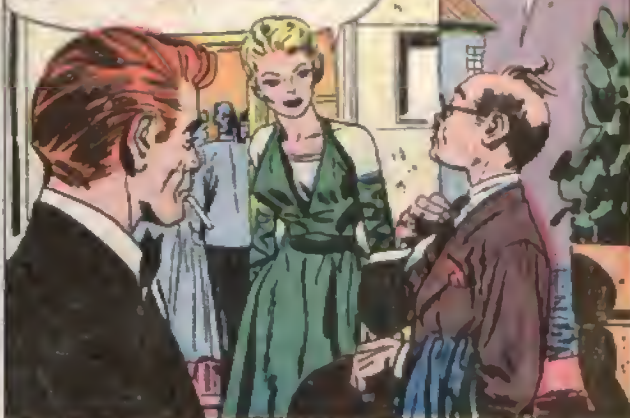
POTTS WAS DELIGHTED! HE KNEW THAT WALTER LIVINGSTON WAS A RICH MAN! THE LIVINGSTON ESTATE WAS ON THE MAINE SEACOAST, ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY...

WHAT A HANDSOME PLACE! THIS IS THE KIND OF JOB I'M AFTER!



YES, I'M VERY INTERESTED IN GENEALOGY! MR. LIVINGSTON WILL TELL YOU WHAT WE WANT-- IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME...

WHY, OF COURSE, MRS. LIVINGSTON?

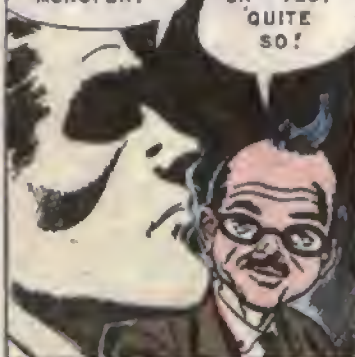


BEAUTIFUL PLACE YOU HAVE HERE, MR. LIVINGSTON.

YES, WE LOVE THE SEA...

THE SEA IS SO FASCINATING! REMINDS ME ALWAYS OF THAT POEM, "OCEAN, THOU MIGHTY MONSTER!"

ER-- YES, QUITE SO!



WHAT WE WANT IS A FULL HISTORY OF THE 'FORDESCU FAMILY! THE BALKAN FORDESCU? I THINK-- I HOPE IT WAS AN ILLUSTRIOUS, IMPORTANT FAMILY!

BALKAN FORDESCU? ROMANIA, PERHAPS? I'LL DO MY BEST!



CERTAINLY A BEAUTY, THAT MRS. LIVINGSTON! ROMANIAN BLOOD, MAYBE, WITH A STRAIN OF GYPSY!



JONATHAN POTTS CERTAINLY HAD NO PREMONITION OF THE WEIRD THINGS HE WOULD FIND, WHEN THAT NEXT DAY...

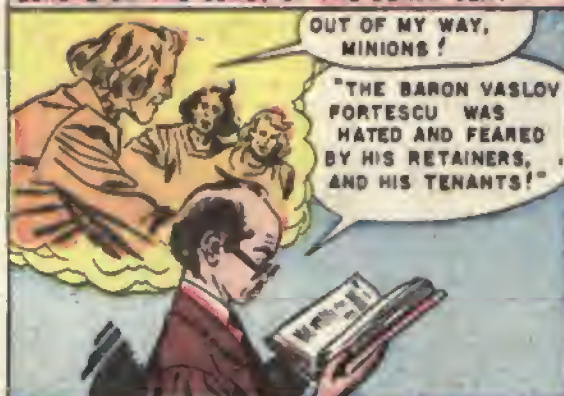
WHA--?

GENEALOGY DEPT.





THE BALKAN FORTESCU HAD A TURGID, A TERRIBLE HISTORY! POTTS FOUND WHERE IT BEGAN, WHEN THE SWAGGERING BARON VASLOV FORTESCU RULED HIS LITTLE FEUDAL KINGDOM, IN EUROPE ON THE COAST OF THE BLACK SEA!



OUT OF MY WAY, MINIONS!

"THE BARON VASLOV FORTESCU WAS HATED AND FEARED BY HIS RETAINERS, AND HIS TENANTS!"

"THE GYPSIES WERE VERY PLEASED WITH THE PLACE! THEY HAD NO IDEA IT WOULD LEAD THEM INTO TROUBLE!"

WE HAVE PICKED WELL, FRANTZ! WE SHALL BE HAPPY HERE!

YES! YES, SURELY!



"BUT, SOON, WHEN THE BARON VASLOV FORTESCU HEARD OF IT..."

YES, MASTER... THEY ARE THERE, AT THE NORTH BY THE SEA!

NO! WHAT IS THIS? GYPSIES TRESPASSING ON MY LAND? I SHALL ATTEND TO THAT!



"THERE CAME A DAY WHEN A BAND OF WANDERING GYPSIES PITCHED THEIR ENCAMPMENT ON A DISTANT PORTION OF THE BARON'S LANDS!"



"LIKE GAY CHILDREN!"

TIA IS SO BEAUTIFUL!

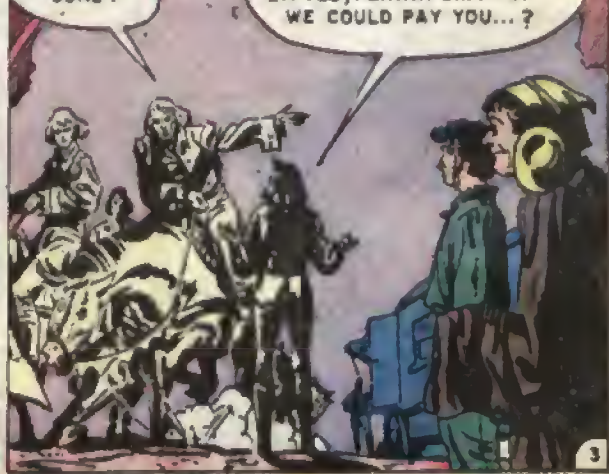
TIA...WE WANT A TARANTELLA NEXT!

YES! YES, MAKE TIA DANCE THE TARANTELLA!

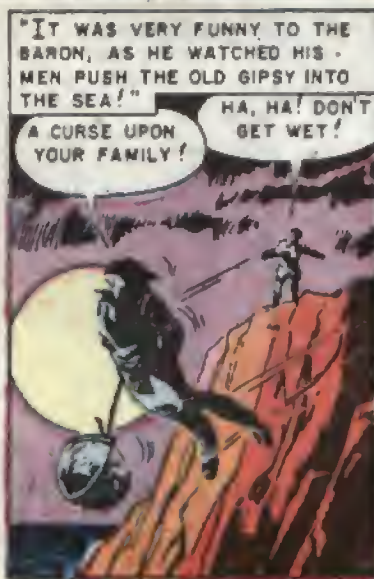
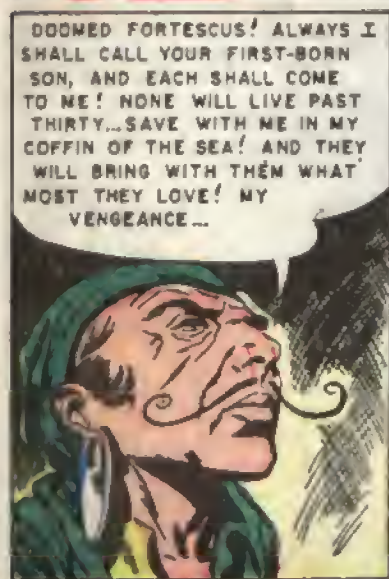
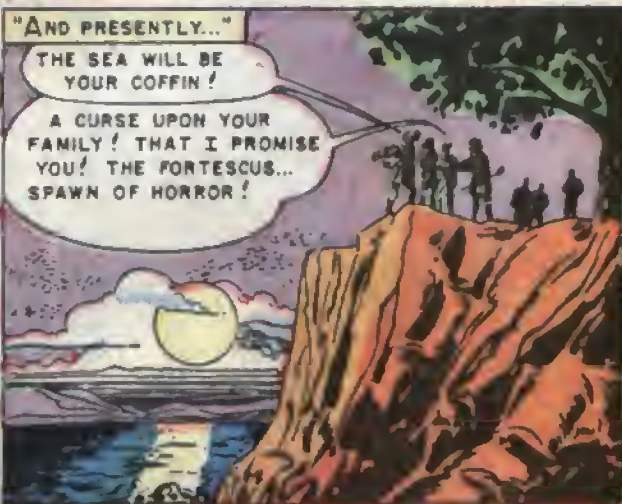
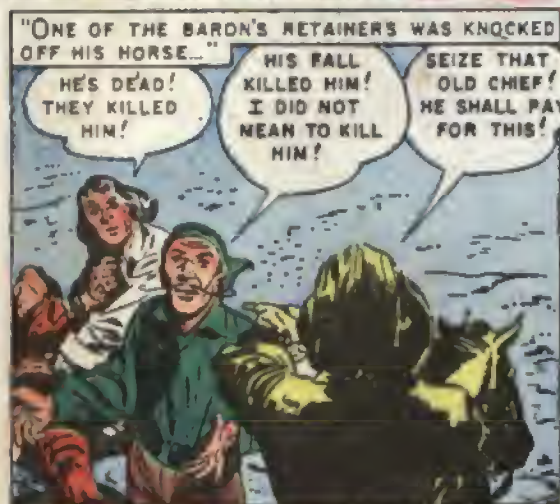


GET OFF MY LAND, ALL OF YOU! BE GONE!

WE DID NOT KNOW! WE ARE VERY HAPPY HERE...IF THERE IS SOMETHING...A LITTLE, PERHAPS...THAT WE COULD PAY YOU...?









"THEN, SUDDENLY..."

TANIA! S...SOMETHING THE  
MATTER WITH ME! TANIA,  
YOU HEAR THE SEA...IT'S  
CALLING, TANIA!

WHA...?!

AAAAIEEEE!

"THEN THE YOUNG BARONESS STOOD GASPING, FROZEN  
WITH HORROR..." HA!

HA! THE SEA CALLS  
NOW! AND I MUST BRING  
WITH ME THE ONE I  
LOVE! WHY...WHY THAT'S  
YOU, TANIA! HA! HA!

COME, FORTESCU!  
COME!

YES, MASTER!

WELCOME, FORTESCU!  
THE FIRST OF  
MANY!

"DOOMED FORTESCU, DOWN THROUGH THE GENERATIONS..."

HA! HA! THEY  
COME TO ME, EACH  
IN HIS TURN!



JONATHAN POTTS, AS HE READ OF IT ALL IN THE MUSTY OLD BOOKS, WAS SHUDDERING...

UGH! IT...IT'S TERRIBLE!



AND THEN HE READ, "AFTER THE BARON ENIL, IT IS THOUGHT THAT THE FAMILY WENT TO AMERICA..." THAT BOOK GAVE NO MORE! HE MIGHT HAVE FOUND OTHERS, BUT...

NO! I DON'T WANT ANY MORE!



THE CONSCIENTIOUS JONATHAN POTTS WASN'T SURE JUST WHAT HE SHOULD DO...

SHOULD I TELL THE LIVINGSTONS ABOUT THIS, OR JUST REPORT I COULDN'T FIND ANYTHING? BUT IF I DO THAT, I'LL LOSE MOST OF MY FEE.

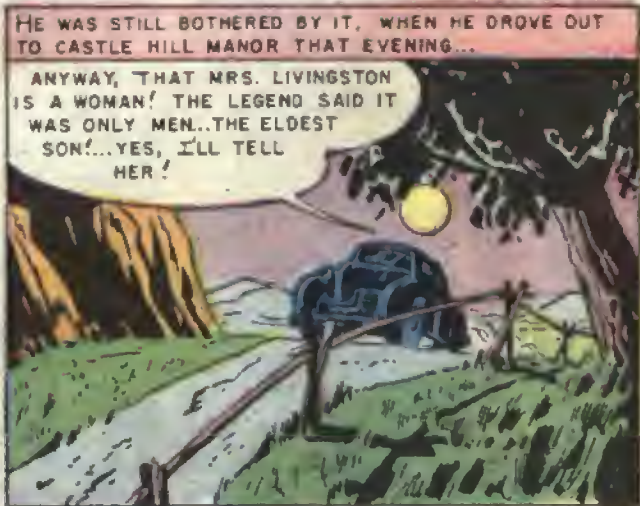


AFTER ALL, IT'S ONLY A LEGEND! SUCH THINGS JUST DON'T HAPPEN, ESPECIALLY IN THIS AGE, AND IN AMERICA!



HE WAS STILL BOTHERED BY IT, WHEN HE DROVE OUT TO CASTLE HILL MANOR THAT EVENING...

ANYWAY, THAT MRS. LIVINGSTON IS A WOMAN! THE LEGEND SAID IT WAS ONLY MEN...THE ELDEST SON!...YES, I'LL TELL HER!

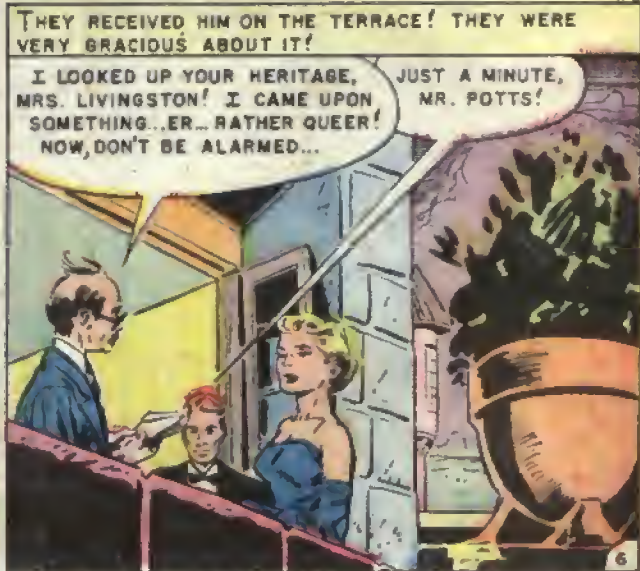


HELLO, THEY SEEM TO BE HAVING A PARTY OR SOMETHING! HOPE THEY WON'T BE ANNOYED AT ME COMING WITHOUT PHONING FIRST! OH, WELL...

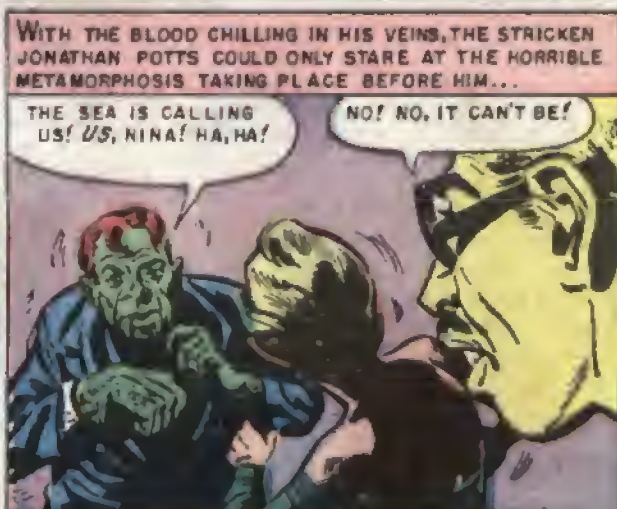
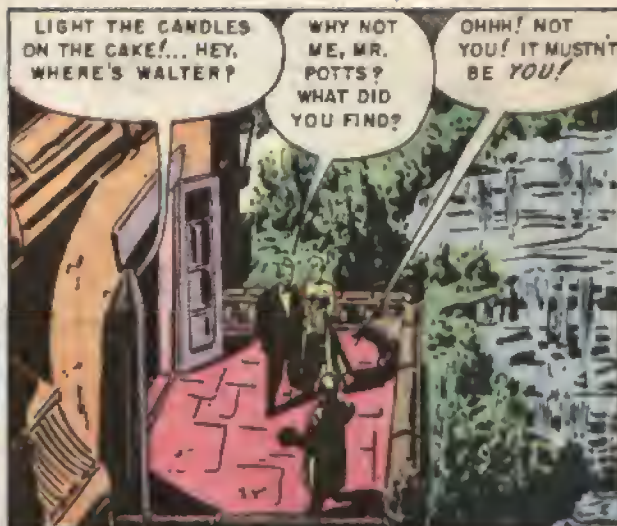


THEY RECEIVED HIM ON THE TERRACE! THEY WERE VERY GRACIOUS ABOUT IT!

I LOOKED UP YOUR HERITAGE, MRS. LIVINGSTON! I CAME UPON SOMETHING...ER...RATHER QUEER! NOW, DON'T BE ALARMED...











## THE STORY BEHIND THE COVER -- **GREAT GOG'S GRAVE!**

The trouble with me is that I am too skeptical; I don't always believe what I hear. So, naturally, when my girl friend Dora asked me to help her look for Gog's grave I didn't stop to argue with her. I just said yes, figuring it would turn out to be a lark in the graveyard that would result in nothing more serious than some bruised shins and maybe a few stolen kisses. Anybody else in Center City would have argued with her a bit. Me, I never believe in ghost stories, and certainly not one as old as this.

The whole city had had a recent recurrence of stories about Gog. There had been some mighty mysterious footprints seen in mud on rainy mornings at the city edge where the old graveyard is. They were pretty big, I will admit, much too big for any bear or even circus giant to account for. A couple of photos taken by a newspaper man showed a foot that was maybe twenty inches long and with awfully long claw marks. Personally, I thought it was a gag—the silly season for newspaper stories starts about this time of year—flying saucers and so on.

So after those footprints were found, the newspaper writers dug up all the old legends of Gog and rewrote them for the Sunday numbers. It seems that before the first white colonists came to this section, the Indians had a legend. They

claimed there was a huge man-monster named Gog who lived nearby. This monster was like a man, only about three times as big, hairy, fanged like a wild animal, and pretty nearly immortal. The Indian legend had it that Gog had always been here—that he'd haunted the locality even before they themselves had arrived. But when it came right down to it, nobody ever admitted seeing Gog.

They located the first colonial graveyard just about where Gog's grave or cave or spot was supposed to be. That shows what little regard the founding fathers took for the redskin's folktales. For a while everything was all right. Then there came a series of midnight troubles. Something kidnapped a number of colonists—and their bodies were never found. Something broke into some houses—from the roof! Something left whopping big footprints along the roads. The colonists suspected the Indians, but they couldn't prove it. Anyway the trouble stopped after a while. About fifty years later another outbreak occurred—people missing, etc. From the records and newspaper stories, the reporters had figured out that Gog evidently slept for about fifty years, then came out from wherever he was hiding, had himself a few citizens for supper, and went back to bed. This, they said, must have been going on for

centuries—and it was now just about fifty years since the last troubles. Gog was evidently waking up now, they concluded.

The stories gave me a laugh. I don't believe in such nonsense. Old wives' stories and fairy tales, that's all I figured them. But my girl, Dora, is imaginative. She was going to find out for herself: she had some idea of selling a good account of it to the papers. And when she asked me to join her at the old graveyard and dig for Gog's grave that night, I said sure.

So around midnight we drove my old car out to the city's edge, parked it by the old gates, and lugging a shovel and pick that Dora had borrowed somewhere, we hoofed it into the cemetery. The place was abandoned. There wasn't any watchman because nobody had been buried there in over seventy years—the colonists had used it and now it was a sort of public park, only the city had never quite gotten around to fixing it up. It was all overrun and the old flat tombstones from a hundred and two hundred years ago were mostly fallen over or unreadable from age.

Dora figured that Gog's grave was somewhere near the center. She was going to turn over the old tombstones and try to see if any of them mentioned it. Maybe the original settlers had marked the



spot the Indians thought was Gog's.

Anyway, it was a night's work, for sure, but I figured that I could snatch a bit of necking now and then and maybe Dora would be so grateful for my help she'd say yes the next time I asked her to marry me. So we set out, Dora holding an oil lantern and I carrying the pick and shovel.

We turned over a number of tombstones but didn't find anything helpful. We read a lot of funny old inscriptions, and found some graves that were maybe as old as the city. We came, finally, to one old, big slab set in the ground—the kind of slab that usually marks some bigwig. We sat on it for a while, wondering where Gog would have been. Then Dora kicked the slab idly with her foot. The thing rocked!

"Hey," she said, "what's this?" We got up and looked. Sure enough, the big slab was loose, and looked as if it had just fallen over. I pushed the pick under one end and strained. It moved slowly aside. I pushed it farther. A hole was revealed. The slab covered a hole in the ground—an opening like an open gravel.

In the light of the full moon Dora and I looked at each other. She set her lantern down, got the shovel and we moved the slab all the way aside. Now we looked down. This was no mere grave. This was an entrance, for there were old, worn stone stairs going down into darkness under the ground! We looked again, wondering what to do. If it weren't that I didn't want my girl to think I was a coward, I'd have beat it out of there, but fast! I was scared. But Dora wasn't. She was only excited. She said,

"Let's go down and see where they lead to." Like a dope, I nodded.

I carried the pick and she carried the lantern and we started down those stairs. They were awfully old and worn. Down we went into the hole underneath that slab in the center of the city's oldest graveyard. We were soon below the level of the ground and still those stairs went down before us. It was dampish and I could smell the mouldy dirt of the walls around us. We were descending a sort of sloping shaft and getting deep. We went down about thirty steps and around a little curve and then we came out into a sort of little cave-like room. We looked around. It was a stone enclosed place underground, maybe about fifty feet long. There was no other exit, just the old stairs behind us leading upwards.

I breathed easier when I saw there was nothing moving down there. Nothing alive. I guess, going down those stairs, I didn't quite know what to expect. Maybe Gog. But all there was in that old cave were skeletons, lots of them.

We walked around among them. They were all bare and white and old, and maybe a couple of hundred of them. They must have been lying there for dozens of years. "I guess maybe this was a mass grave back in the colonial days," I said at last. "Maybe there was an epidemic or an Indian massacre and they buried all the bodies together."

"Y-yes," Dora said uneasily. It seemed like a logical explanation. I didn't try to figure out why one section of the room had no skeletons, only a cleared spot about fifteen feet

long with a sort of indentation in the ground as if some animal were used to sleeping there. I didn't mention it to her. She bent over, fumbling amid the dirt and scraps on the floor and then picked up something. It was a coin, just a copper cent. The light from the lantern turned on the date and we looked at it. The date was 1902. And we knew there had been no epidemic in 1902; it was the last time there had been so many mysterious disappearances!

We didn't say anything more. We just turned around and started back up those stairs. Halfway up, I started trying to talk myself out of it. "Nuts," I said, "We're acting like a couple of fools to run out without examining the cave further. I bet the cops know all about those bodies. I bet we'll just look like a couple of saps when we tell them about this. There just can't be anything like this Gog thing."

"No," said Dora, hurrying up the stairs with me, as we were nearing the top, "there must be some perfectly simple explanation. I don't really believe in that foolish old fable." We reached the surface level, and panted up the last two or three steps. "There is no such thing as Gog," Dora said.

"Oh, yes there is," said a voice. As we turned in horror, we saw the clawed hands of the monster reaching for us as he stood by the entrance to his hidden grave, the slab propped up and his great eyes gleaming hungrily and his tusked jaws opening for their first meal in fifty years!

Tomorrow the paper will report the first of a new series of mysterious disappearances. Dora and me.



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152. Men's birthstone ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



153. Ladies' wedding ring. 12 brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



154. Men's military ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



155. Ladies' engagement ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



156. Men's military ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



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161. Men's military ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



162. Ladies' diamond ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



163. Men's military ring. Large brilliant, diamond-encrusted in center & shoulder stones. Yellow or white gold color effect.



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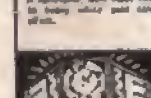
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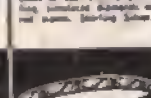
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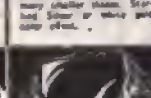
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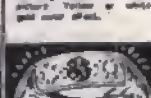
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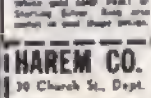
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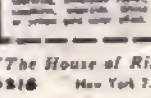
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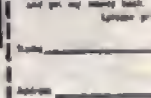
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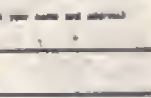
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☐ Send \$3.00 I will pay minimum \$1.74 each, plus postal charges. If I am not satisfied I will return ring within 10 days and get my money back.

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# THE STRANGE INDIAN CURSE



OUT OF THE DEEP FOREST, OUT OF THE LEGENDARY PAST, CAME A TORTURED HUMAN SOUL, DOOMED TO WALK THE EARTH IN THE BODY OF A BEAST---

HUNTING BIG GAME IN THE NORTH WOODS, BOB KENDALL AND HIS WIFE, ANNE, CAME FACE TO FACE WITH A HUGE ALASKAN BEAR...

GOT HIM! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES!

WONDERFUL, BOB!

GOOD SHOT!

THIS OLD BOY'S PLENTY BIG! HE'LL MEASURE...

AIEEEEE! HE COMES!







OH, BOB, LOOK!  
HE'S IMMENSE!

WOW! LET ME  
GET A SHOT  
AT HIM!

NO! DON'T SHOOT!  
WE WILL BE  
CURSED!



...IT IS THE BEAR  
THAT WALKS LIKE  
A MAN!

STOP IT! I'LL NEVER  
GET ANOTHER CHANCE  
LIKE THIS!

OH, BOB!  
HE'S  
GONE!



WE'VE LOST HIM!  
WHAT'S ALL THIS  
NONSENSE?

IT TRUE! HIM GHOST  
BEAR WITH SOUL OF A  
MAN INSIDE! HIM WALK  
IN WOODS FOREVER!



AN OLD WIFE'S  
STORY TOLD BY ALL INDIAN!  
LONG-TALE! GHOSTS AGO, ALL OF  
FOREST OWNED BY BIG  
DON'T EXIST...

TRIBE. TRIBE'S TOTEM, SACRED THING,  
WAS GOLD NUGGET CALLED EYE OF THE  
BEAR, WAS KEPT IN STOCKADE, GUARDED  
BY SACRED BEAR...

ONE NIGHT CAME YOUNG BRAVE  
CALLED BIG CRAZY WOLF... WANT  
TO STEAL "EYE OF THE BEAR"  
TO SHOW HIS COURAGE... HIM  
KILL SACRED BEAR...

HIM TAKE NUGGET TO SHOW  
TO YOUNG GIRL HE LOVE...

BUT GIRL KNOW IT IS BAD! SHE  
SCREAM, AND SOON WHOLE TRIBE  
COME!





BIG CRAZY WOLF RUN AWAY INTO FOREST. BUT ANGRY BRAVES HUNT HIM DOWN...



IN DEEP WOODS, THEY CATCH HIM. THEY PUT CURSE ON HIM! AND YOUR BONES SHALL BE SCATTERED IN THE FOREST! YOUR SPIRIT SHALL WALK THE EARTH FOREVER IN THE BODY OF A GREAT BEAR...



BUT, THEY NEVER FIND SACRED NUGGET...

...UNTIL A MAN OF ANOTHER RACE SHALL GATHER YOUR SCATTERED BONES AND GIVE THEM A PROPER BURIAL! ONLY THEN SHALL YOU ENTER THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS!



I CANNOT STAY WHERE HE WALKS. FAREWELL...

COME BACK HERE!

LET HIM GO, BOB. WE'VE GOT OUR BEAR! LET'S GET BACK TO CAMP BEFORE DARK!



AN HOUR LATER, BOB AND ANNE ARE BACK IN CAMP...

JUST IN TIME, TOO... IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!



AND, SOON ALL IS SNUG FOR THE NIGHT, UNTIL...

BOB, LISTEN... THERE'S SOMETHING OUTSIDE!

PROBABLY JUST THE RAIN...



LISTEN! DON'T YOU HEAR IT?

BY GEORGE, THERE IS SOMETHING...! I'LL TAKE MY GUN, AND...







WHA...?! THE  
**BIG BEAR!!!**



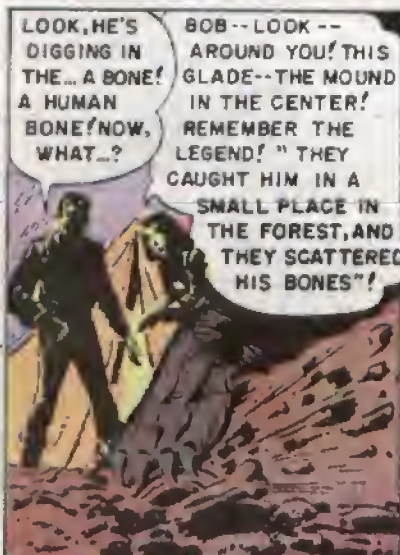
WHAT IS...?  
**OHHHHH!**

**RUN, ANN! RUN FOR  
THE CANOE! I'LL  
TRY TO HOLD  
HIM OFF!**



**BOB, HE'LL  
KILL...WHY  
HE...HE'S  
BACKING  
AWAY!**

**YES! HE SEEMS TO  
BE SORT OF...  
MOTIONING TO US!  
WHAT COULD  
HE WANT...?**



**LOOK, HE'S  
DIGGING IN  
THE... A BONE!  
A HUMAN  
BONE! NOW,  
WHAT...?**

**BOB-- LOOK --  
AROUND YOU! THIS  
GLADE--THE MOUND  
IN THE CENTER!  
REMEMBER THE  
LEGEND! "THEY  
CAUGHT HIM IN A  
SMALL PLACE IN  
THE FOREST, AND  
THEY SCATTERED  
HIS BONES"!**



**ANNE! YOU DON'T  
MEAN...YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE...OH, WE  
MUST BE  
DREAMING!**

**NO, BOB! THE  
BEAR IS REAL...  
AND HE WANTS  
US TO PICK UP  
THOSE BONES!**



**BUT WE HAVE NO TOOLS!  
DARNED IF I'M GOING TO  
DIG WITH MY HANDS...  
OH, OH!**



**THAT'S WHAT HE WANTS, ALL  
RIGHT, AND I DON'T  
FEEL BIG ENOUGH  
TO ARGUE WITH HIM!**

**OH, BOB, I'M  
FRIGHTENED! WHAT  
WILL HE DO WITH  
US...AFTERWARDS!**



FOR AN HOUR, BOB AND ANNE DIG DESPERATELY, SEARCHING FOR THE ANCIENT BONES---

BOB! I--I CAN'T GO ON! YOU MUST, ANNE, YOU MUST!



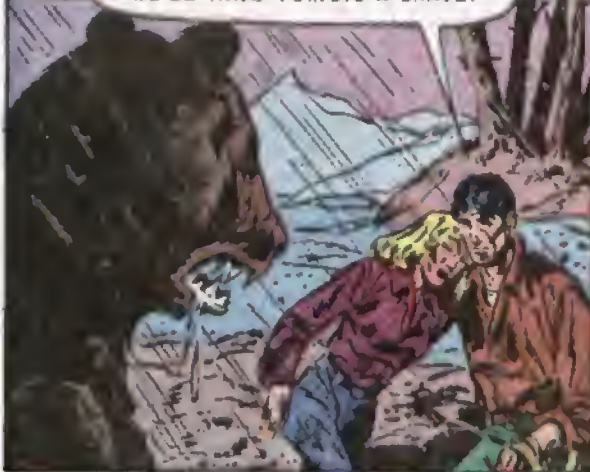
THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE'LL DO IF WE STOP NOW!



OHHHHH! BOB, I... I'M GOING TO FAINT...! EASY, DARLING! HOLD ON...



THE SKULL... AND THAT'S THE LAST OF IT! BUT THE LEGEND SAID, "GIVE THEM PROPER BURIAL." WE'LL HAVE TO... DIG A GRAVE!



THERE! NOW ALL THAT IS LEFT IS TO COVER IT UP, AND THEN IT'S OVER!

OVER! BUT... BUT AFTER THAT! WILL HE...?



THAT DOES IT! AND NOW LET'S PRAY THAT...

LOOK, BOB... WHAT'S HE DOING...?



GOOD GRIEF! WHY, IT'S... IT'S...

A HUGE GOLD NUGGET! HE'S GIVING IT TO US! IT'S...







THE "EYE OF THE BEAR"!!

BOB! THE BEAR! HE'S GOING TO...!

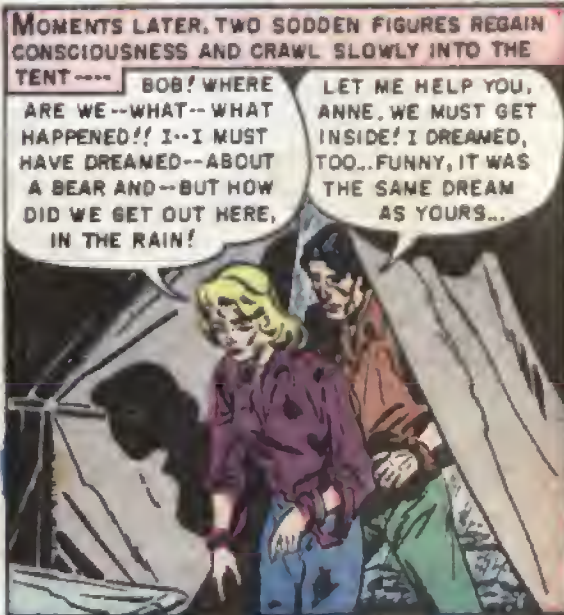


NO! NO, IT CAN'T BE! I STILL DON'T BELIEVE...



AAIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!

OHNNNNNNNN!



MOMENTS LATER, TWO SODDEN FIGURES REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS AND CRAWL SLOWLY INTO THE TENT----

BOB! WHERE ARE WE--WHAT--WHAT HAPPENED!! I--I MUST HAVE DREAMED--ABOUT A BEAR AND--BUT HOW DID WE GET OUT HERE, IN THE RAIN!

LET ME HELP YOU, ANNE. WE MUST GET INSIDE! I DREAMED, TOO... FUNNY, IT WAS THE SAME DREAM AS YOURS...



BUT THAT'S ALL IT WAS... A DREAM! IT MUST HAVE BEEN! SUCH THINGS CAN'T HAP...

BOB, LOOK, DARLING, LOOK WHAT YOU'RE HOLDING... IN YOUR HAND!





**YOU can WIN**

This big 15" Silver Trophy as John Sill just did!



Your Name  
on it.



**YES!** John Sill  
like millions mailed me 10c and  
a coupon like the one below YOU  
MAIL NOW!

**"Hey, You SKINNY Bag of Bones!"**

That's what the boys shouted at me ONLY A FEW WEEKS AGO...

But look at me NOW, PAL...

A Trophy-Winning JOWETT HE-MAN

Like YOU can be SOON!

**5-WAY PROGRESSIVE POWER will  
make YOU an ALL-AROUND WINNER**

- A Leader in Civilian Life or Armed Services.
- A Winner of Success in Business, on 100
- A Winner of NEW FRIENDS, GIRLS.
- A Winner at ALL SPORTS, CONTESTS.
- A Winner of Medals, Trophies, Money
- A Hero on the DANCE FLOOR.
- A Hero at the BEACH, IN GYM.
- A Hero to your Sweetheart
- An Idol and LEADER in any crowd.

This "Easy as Pie" NATURAL Method gives you All-Around CHAMP STRENGTH—All-Over MR. AMERICA BUILD!

**AMAZING  
NATIONAL EMERGENCY OFFER**

All these 5 Picture  
Packed COURSES on He-  
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